

THE
BEAUTIFUL
CITY



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THE
BEAUTIFUL CITY IN SONG,
AND OTHER POEMS.

BY
THE REV. DWIGHT WILLIAMS.



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1887.

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REV. DWIGHT WILLIAMS,
1887.

DEDICATION.

To thee, my absent one, whose hand I took
In mine when thou didst give thy heart beside,
With sweet consent to be my happy bride,
In memory I dedicate this book ;
Since in surpassing beauty thou dost look
On that dear city of the glorified,
Where thou so lately entered to abide,
A child of Him who never thee forsook ;
Thy lifting up was but an added star,
Attracting me, as spheres have influence
On other spheres that float in space afar ;
That glory hath a greater recompense
Because of thee, where love's magnetic chain,
In shadows rent, shall be relinked again.

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THE BEAUTIFUL CITY IN SONG.

FROM THE WATCH-TOWER.

In the heart a watch-tower rises,
With an outlook of surprises:
Clear of view when mists are thickest,
Far-off visions there are quickest;
Love makes no account of distance,
Time and space make small resistance;
Never foiled in its endeavor,
Onward to the great forever,
Lo, it passes that dividing,
Where, beyond the shadow hiding,
 Is the city of our thought
 By the ransomed nations sought,
Entered there with long abiding.

City of all cities builded,
With its temples glory-gilded,
With its thrones on thrones uplifted
For the holy and the gifted,
Thitherward in long procession
Go the meek ones in confession,
From the night of tears emerging
To the land of promise verging,

Nearer art thou, city golden,
Than we dream; our eyes are holden;
 But the heart, love-lighted, turns
 Toward the rest for which it yearns,
Beautiful from ages olden.

In the glory-land resplendent,
In the majesty transcendent,
How shall we, of birthright lowly,
Venture forward with the holy;
How shall we, from scenes of sadness,
Graduate to endless gladness;
How shall we, as sons of pity,
Stand with princes in the city;
How from evil and transgression,
From our chains of dark oppression,
 Walk as freemen on the street,
 Till before the Conqueror's seat
We shall stand by his confession?

'Tis a secret of the ages,
Never read on angel pages,
How the rule of earth contested
Shall from rebel sway be wrested;
Ah, because of him once smitten
Come the vile and serpent-bitten,
Healed by looking where he weepeth,
Where the storm of malice sweepeth;
Read upon the cross the writing
While its Lord the world is smiting:
 "King" by Pilate's order traced,
 Written in unthinking haste,
Rebels to his throne inviting.

Thus shall you and I ascending,
With an infinite befriending,
Enter thither by his merit,
And our rich estate inherit;
From his poverty arising,
Shall be golden fields surprising;
And his poor ones without measure,
Shall receive their waiting treasure;
By the victor bleeding, dying,
In the tomb of Joseph lying,
 By his triumphs o'er the grave,
 Comes his mightiness to save,
Comes the glad evangel flying.

Now the Jubilee is sounding,
Now is grace, free grace, abounding;
Christ, on whom our hopes are centered,
Hath for us the city entered;
Where he went he long since told us,
That he might at last enfold us
In the mansions of his Father,
With the jewels he shall gather;
For, of all who watch us yonder,
He is dearer still and fonder;
 None like him will sleepless wait,
 Till we come inside the gate
From the paths where now we wander.

Life was made for royal marches;
Pilgrim, tarry not! the arches
Wait for thee! O, blissful wonder,
When thy feet shall travel under;

First in welcome to the city
Shall the voice that spake in pity,
"Son, thy sins are all forgiven,"
Give thee kind salute in heaven;
More than father, sister, mother,
More in love than any other;
 Such will thy first greeting be,
 When he speaks in love to thee,
Saviour, King, and Elder Brother.

Ye can tell the loving story
Till the blessed years are hoary,
And this fellowship of blessing,
As it did on earth confessing,
Will but make the love completer
For each other, dearer, sweeter,
In each other's peace abiding,
In each other's friendship hiding;
O, the brotherhood united,
With all love to Jesus plighted;
 Where he dwelleth all may find
 Love that each to each will bind,
In all kingdoms glory-lighted.

Every angel swift of pinion,
Every throne of high dominion,
Every seraph, known in glory,
Every kingdom old in story,
We shall know; and unforbidden
We may search the counsel hidden
Of the ministers that tarry
Near the throne, and tidings carry
To the realms in beauty lying;

Or, in orbit swiftly flying,
 We may follow star to star,
 Height above, or depth afar,
None the raptured flight denying.

Love and knowledge equal reigning,
Memory all her store retaining,
We shall know the generations,
Ready with our salutations;
Children all of one dear Father,
Brothers of our King to gather,
Named by him in love's unfolding,
In our hands the signet holding,
You and I shall know each other
By the name of our dear Brother;
 And what music it will be
 When we know the name that he
Gives to father, child, and mother.

O'er the clouds with silver lining,
Are the towers of beauty shining;
If the days are but the measure,
Near at farthest is our treasure;
Mists but hide the pearly portal,
Thither leads the path immortal;
On some morning from our slumber,
From the shadows chill and somber,
Words the sweetest ever spoken,
Love's supremest, fondest token,
 On our waking hearts shall fall;
 "Home," familiar word to all,
Where no chain of love is broken.

JEWELLED WALLS.

SOMEWHERE, it must be so,
 Beyond the flow
 Of ocean tide
Which doth the scene divide,

There is a city known
 And built alone
 By one who dwells
Within its citadels.

He went with measuring line
 And skill divine,
 From all apart,
And built with wondrous art

The walls of flashing hue,
 And no one knew
 But him the cost—
What seas of love were crossed

To gather precious stones,
 And gold for thrones,
 And jewels rare
For walls up-built with care

Of jasper, deeply laid,
 And height arrayed
 With amethyst
By golden sunlight kissed.

Four square the city lies,
 With palaces;
 It seemeth far
Beyond the last lone star.

And yet it may be near;
 Its atmosphere
 May touch the dome
Circled above our home.

These heights and depths between
 These vales serene,
 Which clouds divide,
May all be glorified;

And just beyond our sight,
 In stainless white,
 Our loved may be,
And, veiled, we fail to see.

The mystery is great ;
 And we must wait—
 For faith is best—
Till we shall know the rest.

GATES AJAR.

CITY of twelve foundations,
With jasper underlaid,
And shining angel stations
In amethyst arrayed,—
What glimpses of its splendor
Seen through the gates ajar,
Have dropped in vision tender
Down from the heights afar;
Down on the eyelids drooping
Quite near the shadow vale,
On pilgrims lowly stooping
With trembling form and pale.

So near the line dividing,
One world now in the past,
A mist the other hiding,
Yet coming, coming fast;
There, where the darkness covered
All mortal prospect here,
The white-winged angels hovered,
And came in beauty near;
And those dim eyes, enraptured,
Looked on the vale below
As if the vision captured
Their senses all aglow.

We saw their eyes uplifted;
'Twas not a mortal gaze;

They grew like angels gifted,
And walked seraphic ways;
With clasp of hands ecstatic
They bade us weep no more,
As in the light Sabbathic
They saw the other shore;
They saw and told the vision,
One foot upon the land,
And in the near elysian
The other seemed to stand.

Children, their playthings leaving,
Have turned aside in pain,
And hearts in frantic grieving
Have heard a wondrous strain;
Not priest in chancel holy
More eloquent than they,
Though fading, fading slowly,
As stars at coming day;
Ah, we have seen the gleaming
Of those dear little eyes, -
As if they woke from dreaming
And looked on Paradise.

Our saintly ones that linger
Seem most like seers of old,
And point with lifted finger
To mansions they behold:
The same bright city, standing
With walls of every hue,
Which John from heights commanding
Beheld in raptured view;

And from the good man's chamber
There seems a pathway shown,
With shining gold and amber,
Up through the depths unknown.

What countless mothers, lying
Down by the sullen shore,
Have caught the vision, dying,
Of heights crowned evermore;
Behind them paths of duty
In toil and sorrow trod;
Before them walls of beauty
Seen in the light of God.
We blessed the vision waking
As with a smile they passed;
They kept our hearts from breaking:
Love's dearest words, the last.

CHIMES.

ABOVE the heights of time
I hear the bells, a golden chime.

The bells of Sabbath rest,
They ring the pæans of the blest.

They call to worship sweet,
The King is in his royal seat.

My comrades, gone before,
Delighted pass the temple door.

My kindred, cherished long,
Assemble with the holy throng.

The raptures ring and swell
In praise of their Immanuel.

The bells of jubilee
Ring in the nations of the free.

Not vesper chimes or matin,
Not words of Hebrew, Greek, or Latin.

It is a noonday chime,
The coronal of years sublime.

I DREAM.

I DREAM by day, I dream by night
A dream of wonder and delight ;
And like a ship that tracks the sea
My fancy floats o'er mazes free,
 O'er starry fields of azure
 I seem to float at leisure ;
 My thoughts in sweet commotion
 Break like the waves of ocean
 Upon the golden beaches,
 And still my soul outreaches
For those sweet mysteries that hide
Beyond the islands of the glorified ;
 I dream, I dream.

The loved ones of my youth are gone ;
They said, " Good-bye ; " their work was
 done ;
The door was dark through which they went,
We did not see the angel sent,
 Who came on wings of duty
 To lift them to their beauty ;
 We could not see the portal
 Through which they passed immortal ;
 And this we think, long parted
 They love us still, true-hearted ;
Not eagle wings can fly so far
But love will find them in her golden car ;
 I dream, I dream.

Are there not valleys of delight
Amid the stars upon the height ;
And may there not be fountains there
That gurgle down the hillside fair ?
 It is a secret hidden,
 Yet thoughts will come unbidden,
 And in the peaceful splendor
 Are voices fond and tender ;
 There is a world above us,
 With blessed ones that love us,
And we have promise of the time
When our poor songs shall join the endless
 chime ;
 I dream, I dream.

Somewhere in all our Father's home,
Somewhere beneath his palace dome
Our lovely and our loved ones stay ;
Love is the same, it moves one way ;
 Through these brief visions faded,
 Through these low windings shaded,
 Somewhere the paths all center
 Through which the blessed enter,
 And there is home ! one glory,
 With love's enchanted story ;
If near or far it matters not,
No child of God's dear love shall be forgot ;
 I dream, I dream.

LOOKING FOR A CITY.

In tabernacles here,
As in a stranger land,
We dwell with outlook near
Where we as watchers stand,
And look beyond the height,
Where faith alone discerns
The city out of sight
For which the fond heart yearns ;
As when the fathers sat
In weary tents long while,
And from this land to that
Looked oft. Did it beguile

The arid paths of sands,
The search of flocks astray ;
The fear of prowling bands
From desert wilds away ;
Did it light up the grave
Where they laid down their dead ;
As at Machpelah's cave
Most loving tears were shed ;
Where Sara fell on sleep,
With but a promise left
To him who turned aside to weep
In weariness bereft ?

Ah, yes ; a promise made
In Eden's very bowers,

While yet the air was sad,
And weeping were the flowers;
When Eden's gates were closed,
The gates of pearl swung out,
And faith on this reposed,
And gone was every doubt;
Along the vanished years
The light in showers of gold
Has brightened human tears
With raptures never told.

Of old and now the same,
And years that yet shall be,
The one exalted name
Of Christ in royalty
Shall join that world to this,
And bring the millions hence
To its unuttered bliss,
As faith's dear recompense;
We look, how near or far
It needeth not to know;
Above us is the star
To light us as we go.

OUT OF THE SHADOWS.

FROM dark to light—
Such is the pathway of the night ;
The spectral mists in haste retreat
As beauty comes with flying feet,
And crowns the heights with gold,
With seas of splendor rolled
Across the valleys far,
And surging to the last lone star.

Ah, life is such ;
The mortal feels the mystic touch
Of secret springs of power that leap
From realms beyond the land of sleep ;
The secret of his pain
Who made his loss our gain,
When he on Calvary knew
The world's fierce hate that pierced him
through.

In symbols here,
Read through a misty atmosphere,
We faintly see our heritage,
When we shall reach our golden stage ;
Years of the prophets' dreams,
Land where the glory streams
In river tides along,
With seas of light and floods of song.

To hear and see ;
To know and feel what more shall be ;
What harvest of the body sown
In desert sands, or seas alone ;
What nature dropped and hid,
When Christ to life shall bid
How shall he clothe anew,
And with celestial power endue

To ask is vain ;
Life mounts away from plain to plain ;
Life involute with life shall be ;
To die and live, what mystery !
To walk with friends once more,
To gather on the shore,
Nor sleep again, nor dream,
And things shall be just as they seem.

How then the same ?
With utter change to life's new flame ;
Through silence, cold, decay, and dust ;
As iron crumbles into rust
Is lost, and washed away ;
The same, we still must say ;
Redemption claimeth thee,
All that thou art, or yet shall be.

The King's highway
Is open to our feet astray ;
We enter ; O what rare delight
To leave the shadows of the night !

Wayfarers erring not
Because the chariot
Of our dear King hath passed,
With victor armies, moving fast.

The "House of Song"—
Not Zoroaster's, praised so long,
But our dear Father's house—awaits
The singing ones who pass his gates ;
The "Way of Holiness"
Leads out ! onward we press !
In Christ, the living way,
The darkness shineth as the day.

Enough to know—
The heart will love, the soul will grow,
The hand will hold a scepter fair,
The head a crown of glory wear ;
The feet will never tire
Through ages of desire ;
And, homesick nevermore,
Restored we shall our King adore.

"NO MORE PAIN."

AFTER this,
In the beauty and the bliss
Of the city—glorified—
They who enter to abide
From the narrow vale of pain
Shall not feel its touch again ;
No more nights of anguish there,
No more days of weary care ;
Pleasure only without end,
Friend forever linked with friend ;
Out of sorrow, out of woe,
Out of tears that overflow ;
Not a ripple of unrest
In the city of the blest.

Heart-ache done,
Where the crown of life is won ;
O the mystery of pain !
Love shall make the secret plain ;
When the gate of life is past
Comes the answer, why ? at last ;
We shall know it, soul in tears,
Rent with anguish through the years ;
"No more pain," o'er blissful seas
Into palaces of éase ;
In the city He who reigns
Conquered pain by his own pains ;
There he rests with all his own,
Safe in his eternal throne.

THE KING'S DWELLING-PLACE.

THE beautiful city of light
Was built by its beautiful King ;
He fashioned its walls on the height,
And left his own palace to bring
The gems of a world that was lost,
Thrust out of its orbit alone,
And brought at a wonderful cost
From the depths of a night never known ;
For none but himself could descend
So deep in the dismal abyss,
Ah, none with a scepter to lend
To win the world back to its bliss.

He went, and the angels looked down
With tears on the path which he trod,
Where, hiding the light of his crown,
He wandered, the dear Son of God ;
He died on his mission of love,
Where sin, in a whirlwind of wrath,
Swept down as the thunderbolts move,
And fell on the sinless one's path ;
He rose in a beautiful calm,
A Sabbath of joy to the world ;
A victor he came with a palm,
And death from his ramparts he hurled.

And when he went up in a cloud,
That came from the city afar,

They gazed as a witnessing crowd,
To see if the gates were ajar ;
The beautiful blue was above,
Their vision was lost in the light ;
They followed him only in love,
As downward they turned from the
height ;
Two worlds were thus brought into one,
One kingdom where Christ is the same,
And earth hath the glory begun
In Jesus' adorable name.

The beautiful city comes down,
The earth is uplifted in prayer ;
One Sovereign, with scepter and crown,
Rules over them both in his care.
Its temples not yet have we seen,
Its gardens not yet have we trod,
Its river paths winding between
The beautiful hills of our God
We know not ; but there in the light,
The dear ransomed ones of our love
Go forth with the angels in white,
At home in the city above.

The chain of attraction grows long
As link after link disappears,
Drawn up by an angel hand strong,
To shine in the circle of years ;
Links broken in sadness and pain,
And lost in the darkness of death,

United in beauty again,
Where sight is the answer of faith.
Ye pilgrims, look out through your tears !
God's promises pave all the way.
Go on ; from the sorrow of years
Love climbs to the visions of day.

The sailor boy back from his dreams
Shall come o'er the waves of the sea,
And safe where the window-light gleams
The welcome will happier be
Than ever he knew in the eot
Far down by the wave-beaten shore ;
The mother's smile, never forgot,
Shall be like a star evermore.
The mother who dreamed of her boy,
The boy from the dreams of her face,
Shall meet with unutterable joy,
And kiss with a raptured embrace.

How near is the city of gold ?
And where is the path for our feet,
That we may its glory behold,
And stand by the Conquerer's seat ?
O words of the Wonderful One,
Our Jesus said, " I am the way ; "
And he from his scepter and crown,
Came down to these temples of clay.
So near is the beautiful gate,
Where low at his footstool we kneel,
Come, ye that are weary, and wait,
Accepting his covenant seal.

Our fathers with reverent air
Went out by the way of the cross,
Our mothers supported by prayer
Ascended from sorrow and loss;
Our comrades from danger and doubt
Found courage immortal in him,
And went with a conqueror's shout
To dwell with the bright seraphim;
And Jesus was there as they went
Away from the gate of the tomb,
And only a smile of content
Came back through the silence and gloom.

AS THE VOICE OF MANY WATERS.

THE song was new, from heights of gold,
And like a torrent earthward rolled;
The rapture caught the prophet's ear,
As if a sea of bliss were near.

One song of tongues, one swelling tide
Of living voices glorified;

The burden of the song was this:

"The King is here, the glory his!"

And from the everlasting calm

There seemed a tumult born of bliss,

And all the rapture was like balm

Breathed in a long, exultant psalm.

Ah, like the thunder of the sea,

And roaring tempests wild and free—

As if the waters of delight

Would break the doors that held them quite

And march to their ecstatic song,

A ringing choral loud and long;

It was the "new song" which he heard,

The song of ages, long deferred,

Until the Jubilee had come

Responsive to the welcome word,

Within the King's imperial dome,

To all his ransomed ones, "Come home!"

A YEAR WITH THE ANGELS.

It was an anniversary day;
For one short year had passed away
 Since, in the cold,
We laid a head with curls of gold.

Two little lips with prattle sweet,
Were strangely still; two little feet,
 With shoes laid by,
Turned from us sad and silently.

"A year with angels," so I wrote;
And many years we now must note
 With birthdays bright,
Where death comes not with early blight.

"Our Charlie's dead," we said that day,
And kissed and blessed his little clay,
 So sportive oft,
With laughing eye and dimples soft.

We've roamed in sadness here below,
And he has grown as cherubs grow;
 A sinless child,
In angel beauty undefiled.

And will he be a child for aye,
While he puts on angel array?
 And will he be
A child, when we his form shall see?

Ah, yes, a child with seraph powers ;
Escaped this life-growth here of ours,
 No sin shall mar
His flight, through ages, like a star.

And does our Father smile on him,
And do the little eyes, made dim
 By death's dark haze,
Return the smile in love and praise ?

A blossom from the vale of time,
Unfolding in the sinless clime;—
 The fruit is now
With changeless beauty on his brow.

LAST WORDS.

AGAIN I fondly turn aside,
And sit where waiting at the tide
A loved one enters that divide

Where pilgrims cross and come no more
To mingle with us as before,
And our sad hearts say, All is o'er.

"I see a world of spirits bright!"
So, from the shadows of the night,
A dear one spake, and vanished quite.

We only saw a mother's form,
But as a rainbow on the storm
The last words lingered fond and warm.

And like the birds of song in spring
They kept our spirits listening,
And still to memory they cling.

Let me turn back to childhood's days,
When we were three, and in our ways
We shared our griefs, and shared our plays.

The bloom of one was quickly turned,
As fever's flame in fervor burned,
And we an early anguish learned.

In words of song she took her flight,
The warbler ceased, and o'er the height
The song was caught by angels bright.

Through all the background of the years
The golden thread of love appears,
Unbroken through the vale of tears;

Unbroken through the mists that hide
And part us from the thither side,
Where gates of pearl are open wide.

A golden thread o'er fields beyond,
The sweet and everlasting bond,
To Christ's dear ones a rapture fond.

O, Saviour, endless thanks to thee,
Who took my jewels o'er the sea;
Thy love to them enraptures me.

The more of love the better known,
And love shall never lose its own
Within the light of thy dear throne.

.

.

THROUGH THE DARK WATERS.

HIGH up Mont Blânc an Alpine hunter bold
In wild adventure passed the Mer de Glace,
Where seas of ice, congealed from ages old,
Were cleft full oft in deep and wild crevasse.

Now up a dark ravine, and now he crept
O'er narrow ledges, looking far below ;
Thrones of the solitudes in silence kept,
Seats for the bravest souls alone to know,

No voice there was to answer to his own ;
Unawed he pressed to bolder passes yet,
A path, perhaps no other feet had known,
To find the mountain's silver coronet.

Now, wilder heights! and walls that stood sublime!
Till on a narrow point amazed he stood ;
But o'er the crumbling edges he must climb
If he would reach the longed for altitude.

A loosened stone! and on the pointed rocks
He fell, as they shelved out in ledges deep ;
Yet broke the force of those repeated shocks,
As oft he caught the rubbish of the steep.

He reached the bottom, bruised and torn, to find
A rivulet, that trickled from the sides
Of that great glacier, and its paths inclined
To depths untrodden by the mountain guides.

He upward looked. The sky—a narrow rift,—
Shone on no pathway for his safe return;
And spectral shadows gathered wild and swift,
And danger seemed to stand at every turn.

To move along the rivulet was all,
And down its winding way he passed, until
He stood beside a giant, rocky wall,
Where rolled a river, noisy, deep, and chill.

Death menaced him as with a flashing spear;
Behind him and above fierce horrors stood,
With no retreat; one only hope was here,
To plunge the waves of that wild mountain flood.

He leaped the awful depths, and whirling through
The dark defile, tossed as a feather, there
Bewildered in the torrent, on he flew
As through the midnight of despair.

Then suddenly a gleam of light, and soon
A growing dawn, and then the azure sky,
And lo! the splendor of the sun at noon,
With homes of men and wood and vineyard nigh.

And this was Chamouni, of sweet renown,
The vale of beauty girt with mountain walls;
Mont Blanc was flashing from his crystal crown,
And distant was the hum of waterfalls.

The sunshine had a wonder new for him,
The fields a perfume he had never known;
O, strange transition from the crevasse dim,
Whose passage, dark, he made, a pilgrim lone.

One chilly moment when the world fades out,
And love is sobbing at the last fond breath,
And "gone" is whispered through the rooms about,
"Gone" through the dark defile which we call
death.

Faith enters where the walls are dim and cold,
Faith sees the waters rolling wild and swift,
And hath no fear; no other way is told.
The passage entered—ah, the shadows lift!

Then floating into everlasting bliss;
Then planted on the street of gold, and led
To his dear throne who himself passed through this
Dark world, as here he suffered, toiled, and bled.

Then voices of the loved ones vanished long;
All danger left behind nor thought of more;
Then love that buildeth walls of beauty strong
In that dear city by the river shore.

THIS MORTAL MUST PUT ON IMMORTALITY.

1 *Cor.* xv, 53.

BEYOND the hiding of the germ,
Beyond the wasting of the worm,
Where fades the mortal out of sight,
Where leads the darkness to the light,
The life we know, of love and thought,
Shall be remolded and rewrought;
“Put on—” Who tells the added gifts
Where the new firmament uplifts
Its splendors in the light of him
Whose servants are the seraphim?
What vision then beyond the lenses,
Through which the chariots of light
We saw, the wonder of our senses,
When we kept vigil in the night?
What shall we see? The heights, the deeps,
The areas the comet sweeps,
The star dust of Creation’s shores,
Onward, perchance, through open doors,
Where new creations rise diverse,
Whose beauty angel tongues rehearse,
Where regions of delight unfold
Through portals entered built of gold.

What shall we hear? O, Music, tell
What love hath done and done so well,

The heart must sing its raptures there,
Its treasures found in tears and prayer,
Grown into symphonies of praise
To gladden all celestial days,
A song whose cadences must fall
As golden showers outside the wall
Of jasper, flowing as the rills
Till all the solitudes it fills;
One harmony of love alone,
In Jesus' princely name made known.
What shall we know with immortality
Put on? Intuitive shall be
The comprehensive thought, to seize
The idiom of heaven with ease,
Translating all its gathered store,
Familiar with its choicest lore,
To see all mysteries of doubt
As mists along the sky fade out,
And learn from Jesus how he sought
And found us, till at length he brought
Us to his Father's palace where
His jewels and his trophies are.

O, if the mortal be so much,
What shall it be when Christ shall touch
Its springs with beauty like his own,
To make it partner of his throne;
As he returned from Olivet
And weareth now his coronet!

THE BABY'S HAND.

Nor all the flowers of earth their fruitage know;
Not all the buds of beauty spread and grow;
And yet the bud is prized with hues concealed,
And flowers are loved because they fragrance yield.
May not the King of beauty love the flowers
That he hath planted in these earthly bowers?
Not waiting for the fruit, he sends for them,
To grace his own dear throne and diadem;
From palace garden and from cottage wall,
The angels pluck them for his festival;
Christ took the realm of childhood for his own,
To fill the cherub ranks around his throne.

The baby's hand, love while you may,
A dimpled beauty in your own,
To pat your cheek, or toss in play,
O lead it gently to his throne.

His throne, who made it yours to hold;
There was no gift more sweet than this
Between you and the gates of gold,
A little ministry of bliss.

The baby's hand, what will it do—
The baby's lips, what will they say
In yonder beauty, ever new,
Beyond these shadows cold and gray?

The baby's hand shall take a palm
And wave it in the march of peace;
The baby's lips shall sing a psalm
Where tides of song shall never cease.

And mother hearts that long since bled,
Since dimpled hands turned pale and cold,
Shall press again the cherub head,
With ringlets loved of brown and gold.

The first born ones, like rosebuds sweet
Laid off the breast whence life they drew;
O, silent babes, with covered feet,
Uncounted mothers look for you.

The baby hands, more soft and fair,
Reach out for mother souls that press—
That only press the empty air
Against their breasts in loneliness.

The baby's hand will wave a palm,
Dear mother, when you weary come;
The baby's lips will sing a psalm
To greet you in the Father's home.

HERE AND BEYOND.

WE think of those departed
Beyond the troubled stream,
The fond and loving hearted,
Of whom we often dream;
'Tis but a cloud that's hiding
The shore where they are met,
The line of that dividing
Is all unmeasured yet.

On this side pain and anguish,
On that a peace sublime;
Here life and beauty languish,
That is the fadeless clime.
Through shadow vistas gazing
We see but little here,
But in the glory blazing
How far the light, and clear.

This is the land of strangers,
Yonder the household meets;
Calm land unknown to dangers,
City of golden streets.
There eyes familiar glisten
In friendship's quenchless ray;
E'en now we stop to listen
To voices far away.

Here joys are transitory,
And friends are sundered long;
But in the upper glory
They join in loving throng.
There age is never drooping,
And youth grows never old;
And these with burdens stooping
Shall mount the hills of gold.

Beyond us is the beauty
Of which we only dream;
Here are the walks of duty,
And steep and rough they seem.
But in the light above us
One glory spreadeth o'er,
And tells that God doth love us
Now and for evermore.

AT SUNRISE.

I.

Is there to human eye a vision
More beautiful than morning's dawn,
The strange mysterious transition,
Of day enthroned and night withdrawn?
What wonder if to mortals
It seems like heaven's portals,
Where avenues of gold stretch through
The paths of blue.

Majestic from the ether spaces
The sun in glory rides afar,
And, gazing from our dwelling-places,
We see him thrust aside the bar
That held the night gloom-haunted,
And with a hand enchanted
He turns the gates and, glorified,
They open wide.

At such an hour, on such a morning,
A sufferer from her couch had caught
Through her own window the adorning
Of God's great chamber glory-wrought;
With eye transfixed, enraptured
She looked; her senses captured
By that great glory like a crown
Now flashing down.

And she was dying; father, mother
Had watched their loved one long and late,
Their fondest hope, beyond all other,
To whom their all was consecrate;
For she, their star of beauty,
Had cheered their way of duty
With grace of person, wealth of art,
And love of heart.

II.

How clung the father to his graceful child!
The mother heart, all sacrifice forgot,
Hung as a sleepless angel long beguiled
O'er her sweet fading one, and wearied not.

O, could forever such a golden chain
Unbroken be, how happy earth's estate!
It is not thus; the links must part in pain,
And weepers sitting in the gloom must wait.

She grew more angel like as she drew near
The angel country, known to her by faith;
The world was fading but she knew no fear,
As one who treads a pleasant upland path.

The beautiful grow strong as they grow weak.
O love of Christ! O blessed mystery!
And through the visions which they fondly speak,
We catch a glimpse of glories yet to be.

III.

She spoke, and asked for her physician,
" 'Tis not to ease my pain," she said,

And yielding to her last petition,
They called him to her dying bed;
The golden light was beaming,
And through the window streaming,
It seemed an ocean's overflow
On earth below.

"I called you, doctor!" him addressing,
"To see this glorious morning sky;
To me it is the gate of endless blessing,
As if the jasper walls were nigh;
We oft have talked together,
And questioned often, whether
The dying ones through gates ajar
Look out afar.

"How beautiful! just now my chamber
Is open toward the land of peace;
The pathway seems like rays of amber,
O blessed hour of my release;
Ye shall be with me yonder,
Father and mother; fonder
Shall be our love to each restored
With our dear Lord.

"I see another sunrise breaking
Above the glory you behold!
I see a new glad morn awaking!
I see the city built of gold!"
They saw her eyelids closing,
They saw a smile reposing
On her sweet brow. No more—no more.
The night was o'er.

DEAR FATHERLAND.

DEAR Fatherland, dear Fatherland,
My kindred dwell in thee,
In long ancestral lines they stand
Beyond the glassy sea ;
Back in the long forgotten years
They went out one by one,
And left the valley dim with tears,
As when a ship the harbor clears
To try the waves alone.

Dear Fatherland, dear Fatherland,
My kindred love thee well,
They anchored safely on the strand
And there in peace they dwell ;
My sires are there, and tales of earth
They tell in loving way,
And, born to a celestial birth,
With raptured powers they wander forth
Through tranquil realms of day.

Dear Fatherland, dear Fatherland,
From son to sire they know
The generations long and grand
Of ages far ago ;
Land of my fathers, home for me,
To know as I am known,
And underneath the family tree
To sit and all its branches see
From olden ages grown.

Dear Fatherland, dear Fatherland,
All beautiful they dwell
Who press with joy the golden sand
Beyond the ocean's swell;
My Elder Brother there resides,
And O, he tells me this:
That when my bark the storm outrides,
Escaped the billows and the tides,
I shall be where he is.

Dear Fatherland, dear Fatherland,
When I shall go to thee
Each loving voice and clasping hand
Shall seem like home to me;
And He I love the most and best
Shall most familiar seem,
Who since my heart his love confessed
Hath been my joy and peace and rest;
O Land, of thee I dream.

THE MORNING CALL.

I.

'Tis morning, child, arise!
Look from thy chamber, see the eastern skies;
The night of tears
Is gone; heavy thine eyes
With sleep; the morn appears!
Come up to my unchanging years.

II.

I heard thee, sighing, say
"I want to go." Come, child of pain, away,
Thy dream of rest
Is realized to-day.
Come home! my love is best;
Child, enter now thy mansion blest.

III.

Child, sleep no more; 'tis time;
Hear ye the matin on the hills sublime?
'Tis my fond call;
Wake in the morning clime,
Thine earthly gems let fall,
And find in me thine all in all.

IV.

My Son hath loved thee long,
He sought thee weeping, and his hand was strong
To win thy heart;
He gave thee a new song;
He cannot dwell apart
From all his own—welcome thou art.

V.

Welcome! yea more, his hand
Hath led thee all the journey through the land
When, faint and slow,
Thou couldst not understand,
Thy way o'ershadowed so;
'Tis morning, child, arise and go!

VI.

Peace now, my tired one—
'Tis but a little way to go alone;
Home is not far;
My Son is in his throne.
In his dear crown a star—
Arise, go through the door ajar.

BORN THRICE.

THE paths of being all are strange, they rise
From mount to mount each with a new surprise:
We come to our estate and call it birth,
And we move on, the citizens of earth.
Born of the Spirit, we ascend, and lo
We scan the broader realms of God, and know
The beauty of the Lord that cometh down
And sitteth on the soul, a circling crown;
Thus are we children of the Lord most High,
And heirs of his, by his great legacy.
A birth to everlasting beauty waits
The pilgrim passing the celestial gates;
What powers shall come like fountains flowing in
To fill the soul when we that life begin?
We know not yet, for eye hath never seen
Those mountains of delight, with vales between
Where storms come not, nor pain, nor grief, nor loss,
And there is but remembrance of the cross
As God's dear way of raising us from pain,
Since Christ for us was offered once and slain.

Fullness of being—this shall be our bliss,
Born to that glorious life at last from this;
Thrice born! so shall we mount the mystic height,
And dwell amid the raptures infinite;

What visions for the eye when at a glance
The universe may spread a broad expanse,
And all the mysteries of life shall be
But recreations of the soul, and we
With tireless hands shall mold each loving thought.
In models of celestial beauty wrought!

THROUGH TEARS.

WHAT mean these visions of the sainted ones,
And what the light that falls from golden thrones;
Are these the preludes of the coming glory,
Sweet echoes of the world's redemption story?

And may not weepers here
Look up with holy cheer,
And find a joy for every tear?

Methinks upon the walls is written "Home,"
The city walls, and as the pilgrims come
They find their lost ones at the shining portals,
Who welcome them among the glad immortals,
And hands clasp hands again
That toiled on earth in pain,
With scepters now henceforth to reign.

The long, long parted ones of earth embrace,
And find a new familiar dwelling-place;
They bind anew the chains of friendship olden,
And roam delighted o'er the landscape golden;
They talk of labors done,
Of crowns of victory won,
And life's long summer time begun.

Among the cherubs, mothers find their gems,
Lost strangely from their early diadems;

Sweet babes that sparkled in their crowns maternal,
The flowers of youth from gardens fresh and vernal ;
 What kisses of delight,
 Sweet babes in spotless white,
And beautiful as stars of night.

With angel teachers, O the countless throngs
Of childish voices joined in choral songs,
A heaven of childhood—Eden with its treasures,
Sent up to swell with everlasting measures,
 The sinless Paradise,
 A long and sweet surprise
To motherhood with tearless eyes.

City of patriarchs who lived of old,
There age is crowned with flashing gems and gold ;
Methinks I see the fathers of the races
In long succession grace the kingly places,
 From our great sire who first
 Looked on the earth accursed,
As if it felt a desert thirst.

And that dear mother of us all, who knew
The pang of grief when, with the sword in view,
The gates of Eden closed, she and her lord out-driven ;
And yet beyond them stood the gate of heaven,
 And on the serpent's head
 God gave her power to tread,
And bruise him by the word he said.

That greater mother, Mary, honored more
Than all the royal mothers gone before;
O Mary sitteth in her throne of beauty,
By millions loved for her maternal duty;
 What Eve had lost she gained,
 Her Son, with garments stained,
Eternal life for us obtained.

The children bless her for her princely child,
A gift to every home on desert wild,
Of every royal house a loving scion,
Defender of all homes, as Judah's Lion;
 Hail, mother of our Lord!
 Thine is the great reward,
And nations praise thee in accord.

The beautiful are there in long array,
The queenly ones of earth. A festal day
It seems, where Sarah sits, a love-crowned mother;
And Rachel cherished more than any other;
 And Miriam, with song,
 As when she led the throng,
In praise from Egypt's bondage long.

And Ruth, the heathen bride, brought in to bear
A line of kings and loving honors wear;
With Esther on a higher throne of splendor
Than when a "Persian Star," loving and tender,
 She saved her race in tears,
 And brought them from their fears,
To bless her in the after years.

The daughters of the Lord, immortal ones,
Shine in the walls as polished stones;
These are the tender ones whose gentle graces
Made them as angels in our dwelling-places;
 The fountains of their love
 Were as the hills above,
Whose streams in river currents move.

The beauty of a vanished sister's smile,
It cometh like a dream, and lingers while
Sweet memory holds her light above us;
Ah, do those silent ones still see and love us,
 And walk they by our side,
 Or in and outward glide,
And in the darkness near us hide?

Ye stricken fathers, and ye mothers clad
In weeds of sorrow, while the years are sad;
Who mourn the love of daughters gone in beauty,
Who clung to you in all your walks of duty,
 What solace have ye known
 Together and alone,
In these great shadows darker grown?

Take this—the beautiful have grown more fair,
And robes of spotless white they ever wear;
The name they bear is on the "White Stone"
 written,
Dropped in their hand by one whose form was
 smitten,
 More beautiful than they,
 Their loving King alway,
And yours, if ye his rule obey.

THE PALACE TRAIN.

WEARY and faint beside the way
A pilgrim drooped at close of day,
And sank, with toil o'er come;
His feet were travel-worn and sore,
And he could journey on no more,—
A pilgrim far from home.

The chill of night was hastening on,
And shadows chased the daylight gone;
The winds, with soft, low wail,
Swept o'er his form, to check the flow
Of life's deep current, moving slow,
As faint he lay, and pale.

Behind him was the silent past,
With all its joys, too fleet to last,
And sorrows he had known;
And here, as on a desert verge,
On ocean shore with wild, wild surge,
He fainting fell alone.

Alone, between two worlds alone,
The pilgrim lay, his strength all gone,
While darker grew the night;
And forward through the mist could he
But wastes of darkness only see,
When lo ! a sudden light.

On, on it came, a fiery breath,
And flashed through all the night of death.
And soon, on wheels of gold,
A wondrous train of palace cars,
For brightness like the midnight stars,
Across the darkness rolled.

The train stood still, and soon he felt
The touch of living forms that knelt
Around him as he lay;
And words of love fell on his ear,
The words of angels whispered near,
“Come, pilgrim, come away.”

They lifted him with gentle hand,
As if they were a brother band,
For love had brought them there;
And they had passed by kings, to meet
The pilgrim in his lone retreat,
And give him angel care.

For God had sent the palace train,
In honor of his Son once slain,
To bring his ransomed one;
Long had the pilgrim known the cross,
And counted earthly good but dross,
That he might win a crown.

And thus the train, with wheels of flame,
Had paused for one of humble name,
Whom Jesus loved and knew;
The land of storms, the land of tears,
The sorrows of his earthly years,
He bade a long adieu.

On through the darkness, like a star,
The pilgrim in his palace car
Sped o'er the desert wide,
Until he saw the fadeless flowers,
And passed through rich and royal bowers
That rose on every side.

On through elysian fields he passed,
Until the golden wheels at last
Stood still upon the street
Where angels love to congregate,
And friends long parted anxious wait,
The loved of earth to greet.

Our Jesus said, one blessed day,
"Believe in me," "I am the way ;"
And o'er his royal road
A palace train, at his command,
Moves daily to the promised land,
Our Father's fair abode.

They go—the halt, the blind, the lame,
The rescued sons of sin and shame,
The friendless and the poor ;
And oft the fiery train delays
Along the by and desert ways,
Or by the humblest door.

Free passage to the land afar,—
Safe transport in a palace car,
With daily royal cheer ;
Come, foot-sore pilgrim on the road,
Who long have borne your weary load,
The palace train is near.

No longer darkly wander out
Along the mountain-paths of doubt,
But come and rest from sin ;
'Tis love impels the palace train,
And love the golden street shall gain,
And crowns of glory win.

Not here, not here, thy rest may be,
Soul, thou must go,—the stern decree
Will greet thine ear sometime ;
And thou shalt wander out alone,
To that dread verge, the great unknown,
And leave thy native clime.

Whence wilt thou go, and how depart ?
Upon the down grade wilt thou start,
Self-banished from thy God ;
Shall earth and heaven both recede,
And thou, with sin's remorseless speed,
Sink to thy dark abode ?

Or wilt thou take the royal way,
When thou shalt leave thy house of clay ?
Believe and work and wait—
God's palace train will come for thee,
The world will fade, and thou shalt see
At last the pearly gate.

FACE TO FACE.

How darkly look we at each other,
E'en those we dearest love and best ;
What sister knows the thought of brother
Though both were fondled at one breast?
And there are chambers in our being
Into whose depths no eye can peer,
Known only to the great All-Seeing,
Obscure to those who meet us here.

But in the light of that great splendor
The perfect Love-light of the Lamb,
The fountain flowing sweet and tender
In rivers from his throne of flame,
They all who stand beneath that glory
Shall look beyond the veil that hides
The secret thought, read as a story,
Where soul from soul no doubt divides.

Transparent beauty all beholding,
Not one of all the host conceals
A wish or purpose, love unfolding
The blessed life itself reveals ;
Ah, darkly here, but yonder clearly,
It shall be thus at home with him
Who brought us thence, and loved us dearly,
Uplifted from the shadows dim.

“SOWN IN WEAKNESS.”

“SOWN in weakness” precious seed,
Sown where hearts in sorrow bleed,
Bathed in tears where laid away
In the narrow house of clay,
Age and beauty sown with sighs
Where the swift-winged arrow flies,
Greatness laid in silence down,
Grandeur hidden and renown
Sown in weakness at the portal;
Yonder are the sheaves immortal,
After trial comes the crown.

“Raised in power” from shadows laid,
Clothed anew no more to fade,
Through the dear, all-conquering Son,
Christ, the great life-giving One;
He went through the darkness there,
To all others blank’d despair,
Till the angel robed in white
Changed the darkness of the night
To a Sabbath dawning tender,
Prelude of the rising splendor
Of the King of love and light.

Gardens of the Lord are they,
Where the terraces display
Mounds of dust with marble crowned,
Holy consecrated ground;

Where the meek ones sleep in earth
Waiting a celestial birth;
If the seed so precious be,
When the harvest we shall see,
What shall be the change of nature
To the fair and perfect feature,
 Raised to seats of royalty?

Fathers gathered to their rest,
Mothers beautiful and blest,
Angels of the household known,
Laid in earth alone, alone;
Babes of beauty hushed to sleep,
Kissed in tears and hidden deep,
Sown along the paths we tread,
O, the lovely sleeping dead,
We have lost them, theirs the glory,
We shall find them, blessed story,
 "Raised in power," as we have read.

Mortal to immortal passed,
Regions beautiful and vast,
There the hands of humble skill
Shall sublimest work fulfill;
Lips that spoke in tender words
Shall exult in seraph chords;
Sins forgiven evermore,
Scars removed, and bruises sore;
Hearts from weeping sad and tender,
Lifted up to kingly splendor,
 Bliss of those gone on before.

So the vision will unfold;
Such the harvest with its gold.
Jesus died and rose again,
'Tis the purchase of his pain;
He hath taken to his trust
All our loved and precious dust,
To his glory we shall go,
In his beauty we shall grow;
Out of earth and its low level,
Out of sorrow, pain and evil,
As he is we him shall know.

HEART LONGINGS.

IN watches of the night, in dreams
Of day, in labors solitary,
In all the paths of life that vary
The landscape, with its hills and streams,
Its cloud-flecked skies and sunset gleams,
The burdens of our hearts we carry,
Not morbid, wild, or visionary,
But questionings of blessed themes.

Because we live, and life is great,
And seas of love are in us surging,
Where'er we go, in paths diverging,
We ask its raptures ultimate;
What are the years for which we wait
Beyond these restless oceans urging
To this life's end, from which emerging,
The joy shall come we thought so late?

Desire enthroned and strong to wield
Its scepter in us for probation,
What is the strange interpretation
Of voices in the depths concealed,
And asking for the harvest field
Where it shall find its glad ovation,
Promised to that humiliation
That bleeds hereafter to be healed?

Not in the books of nature told,
Not in the legends of old story,
Nor in tradition dim and hoary;
A bud of promise must unfold,
The secret from the days of old,
Whose fruitage is not transitory,
But ripens in the light of glory,
Amid celestial thrones of gold.

Here is the secret, ye have read
On love's own pages the handwriting—
Love for the world, with ill-requiting,
Ye know the Innocent was led
To Calvary, thorn-crowned his head,
With mockery and cruel smiting,
The sun himself in heaven affrighting,
Till darkness o'er the earth was spread.

In love he spake his last fond word,
Till in the Sabbath light surprising
He spake to Mary, early rising,
Seeking her Lord with sorrow stirred,
And wondering as his voice she heard,
The same as when the world, despising,
Wrung forth his death cry agonizing,
With no fond arm to undergird.

She knew her Lord, his look, his tone,
Unchanged in his dear resurrection;
Identity in its perfection
Was his, and in his smile it shone;

Up from the deep abyss alone
He came, she knew by recollection,
The form she loved, and her dejection
Was gone, to see the risen One.

They knew him all, and doubted not,
Were not two worlds just there united,
And mortal eyes so narrow sighted,
Saw Christ the same and forgot?
They stood with him on that dear spot
Where fell the cloud, and unaffrighted
They saw their King with beauty lighted,
Ascend in his swift chariot.

Up to his city with its gates,
Each one a pearl in beauty swinging,
With raptures from the walls outringing,
Where thrones were set and potentates,—
The city built before the dates
Of worlds afar in spaces winging,
And unto him their trophies bringing,
As tribute from his own estates.

Say not the soul must curb its flight,
Or hush its raptured words essaying;
The summons of my heart obeying,
I fain would stand in vision quite
Upon the borders of that light
Where once the prophet stood, surveying
The city, by his hand portraying,
Of which he said it hath no night.

He told us of the jasper bed
On which its jeweled walls were lifted,
And how the Builder, strong and gifted,
Crowned it with amethyst, and led
The nations from their bondage dread,
From seas of sorrow where they drifted,
Until the mortal scene was shifted,
And they passed through his gates instead.

Might I describe his mansions fair
On streets of gold, with shade embowered,
With gems as if a prince had showered
The beauty of the rainbow there,
With carved designs, both rich and rare,
And chambers as a mountain towered,
Where, with angelic sight empowered,
Delighted visions fill the air.

Gardens outspread, with flowers that bloom,
And fragrance wafted to the azure,
Where wearied not with toil or leisure,
The gifted ones of earth find room,
And work laid down they reassume,
To gather from the fields of treasure
The boundless good of love and pleasure,
Or relics of the years exhume.

The city from the mountain seen,
As if it hung in light suspended,
From the Ineffable descended
Is Christ's dear home. He passed between

The rabble ranks of scorers mean
To his great agony unfriended,
That he might come with throngs attended,
And pass the walls of crystalline.

There is he now, he knoweth all
Who come by his benign endeavor
To dwell with him, and leave him never;
These know each other, and recall
The trials past, the tears let fall;
And chains relinked shall bind forever
The hearts which ages cannot sever,
And love be one long festival.

No stranger in the city known,
One family in him united,
Our friendship shall be eager sighted;
And we shall know them every one,
Still clinging fondly to our own,
Who sat with us in homes love-lighted,
And all in changeless union plighted
Shall dwell with Christ in his dear throne.

SACRED PASTORAL.

RUTH AND NAOMI.

THERE was a time, in ancient story told,
Amid the lands illustrious and old,
In which a kingdom rose, unique and fair,
Whose corner stones were laid in faith and prayer.
It boasted not a realm immense and wide
Like that o'er which the Cæsars ruled in pride;
'TWAS not like Persia's ancient provinces,
Outstretching to remote and ample seas;
The ancient hills of Canaan it o'erspread
With pastures rich where shepherd chieftains led
Their flocks, and vineyards purple with delight,
And sunny fields with tents of snowy white.
Upon the north the heights of Lebanon,
Snow-crowned, gleamed in the summer sun;
And on the east the land of Moab lay,
Beyond the Jordan in its rapid way;
And south lay wildernesses lone and vast,
Fertile with frightful legends of the past;
And west the sea, with undiscovered bound,
Lay chiming to the march of time profound.

Here God prepared a kingdom of his own,
And o'er it held the scepter of his throne;

A people chosen for himself, and led
Between the waters walled on Jordan's bed,
And o'er the dust of idols dumb and cold
He built his shrine, the ark o'erlaid with gold,
And placed the mercy seat above it there,
Where cherub wings dropped shadows soft and fair;
Here God, the Lord, prevailed, and from the land
The hosts of Baal drove with mighty hand,
And pitched his tent and made it his abode,
And Israel knew no other king but God.

In such a land as this, in such a time,
Mid charmed scenes prophetic and sublime,
The sacred rural tale of Ruth, repeated oft,
A golden picture, delicate and soft,
Was fashioned into sweet historic art,
To woo the fancy and to warm the heart.
In every tale the light must blend with shade,
And God's dear ways through darkness oft are laid;
So famine came, and mount and hill and plain
Refused the harvest of the yellow grain;
And stalwart men grew pale with want and fear,
And woman's wail rose on the atmosphere.
In Bethlehem-Judah, made thus desolate,
Elimelech bewailed his sad estate,
And took his wife, Naomi (Lovable),
And Moab's land he sought, with stream and well;
He came with her and there abode that he
Might save her life and his posterity.

Two sons had blest their tender love and true,
And here they dwelt mid scenes untried and new,

But soon Naomi felt a painful smart,
For death made desolate her loving heart;
Elimelech, her lord and husband, died,
And earth became a desert drear and wide;
Her sons then took them wives of Moab's youth,
The one named Orpah and the other Ruth,
Until at length within a stranger land
They, too, were buried by no kindred hand.

Widowed and childless wept Naomi there,
And leaned upon her daughters young and fair,
Themselves in tears through love's young blight,
They sat together in affliction's night.

Then rose Naomi to return once more
To Judah's land, healed of the famine sore,
To seek again her kindred, loved and known
When childhood's happy days around her shone.
She called her daughters then in tender speech,
And these the gentle words she spake to each:
"Return each to your mother's house, nor go
With me to stranger scenes ye do not know;
The Lord deal kindly with you, thus have ye
Dealt ever with the precious dead and me."
She kissed them each, and turned her face
apart,
And Ruth and Orpah wept to feel the smart;
"Nay, surely, we will go with thee," they said,
"And dwell with thee where thou thy tent dost
spread."

But still Naomi with entreaty spake:
"Nay, turn again, my daughters, nor forsake

Your cherished kindred and your land, to dwell
In Judah, far from scenes loved long and well;
I cannot give you other sons to wed,
For I am lone, and weep my lost and dead.”
They lifted up their voice and wept again,
And Orpah from her mother turned in pain
With words of love, a long and sweet adieu,
To live and die with those she loved and knew.
But Ruth (the name significant of Friend),
Clave unto her with pleading to attend
And share her lot of widowhood and tears,
And cheer her steps through her desponding
 years;
O, ever blessed Ruth, thy tender words
Have struck the fond heart’s purest, deepest
 chords,
And like the music of a silver chime
Have echoed down the misty vale of time.

“Entreat me not to stay !
But let me go, I pray,
And share thy humble lot.
Though sacred be the spot
Which I have only known,
Thou must not go alone;
My heart still clings to thee,
Naomi, dear to me;
And wheresoe’er thy star of fate shall lead,
I fain would share thy fullness or thy need.”

“Where’er thou goest, there
Thy pathway I will share;

And where thou lodgest I
Beside thee still will lie ;
Thy people shall be mine ;
I'll worship at thy shrine ;
Thy God my God shall be.
Thus will I dwell with thee,
And where thou diest I will die, and rest,
Beside Naomi, beautiful and blest."

When all entreaty and persuasion failed,
And Ruth in love and gentleness prevailed,
The mother and the daughter bade farewell
To Moab's sunny land, no more to dwell
Amid the scenes endeared by love and trust,
Where slept to each of them their holiest dust.
Naomi left her graves, Ruth left her sires,
Her childhood home, her people's altar fires ;
And westward, toward the land of Judah, they
By God defended, took their lonely way ;
At length to Bethlehem's city they drew near,
To sad Naomi's heart than all more dear,
Where in her beauty and her joy she grew,
Till all the bliss of motherhood she knew ;
The city all was moved to meet them there,
And said, "Is this Naomi, once so fond and
fair?"

"Naomi, O, I pray you, call me not,
But call me 'Mara.' Bitter is my lot ;
I went out full, but God, my God, hath brought
Me empty home, and I am come to naught.
The Lord hath testified against me sore,
I drink the cup which his own hand doth pour."

Returned amid the scenes of early youth,
Naomi rested with the gentle Ruth,
And it was barley harvest when they came,
And Judah's fields waved like a sea of flame.

II.

The charm of rural life the bards have sung
In every land, in every living tongue;
Nor hath the sacred penman scorned the theme,
And sweeter than the halo of a dream
We see the pictures of the olden time,
When God's dear race dwelt in their morning prime;
We hear the lowing herds, the bleating sheep,
We see the shepherds on the mountain steep,
We see the pastures rich, the shaded spring,
The laughing rills that through the valleys sing;
We see the plowman in his simple dress,
To nature singing words of tenderness;
We see the bustle of the harvest days,
When golden fields wave in the noontide blaze;
We see the reapers clip the bending grain,
Their sickles flashing far across the plain,
The golden sheaves that press the heavy cart,
And garners filled that cheer a nation's heart.
So plenty smiled on Boaz' fields outspread,
And with a rustic shout the reapers led
The merry columns to the standing grain,
And left the scattered sheaves along the plain;
A kinsman of Elimelech, he came
From lines ancestral, known in Israel's fame;
A judge he was, in council wise and just,
In private ways approved and public trust.

Returned from Moab with a scanty store,
Naomi felt her weight of sorrow sore.
As Ruth beheld the golden fields of waving grain
And saw the merry reapers on the plain,
She said, "My mother, let me go, I pray,
And glean; the reapers are abroad, and they
Cannot refuse that I may follow them,
Since plenty crowns the fields of Bethlehem."
"My daughter, go!" she said with sweet consent,
And Ruth, light-hearted, to the harvest went.
A child of Nature, simple, free, and mild,
Unused to arts of life in Moab wild
Ruth crossed the fields as glides a gentle fawn
Along the forest skirts at dewy dawn;
Timid, yet strong in virtue's pure intent,
Along the reapers' track she toiling bent,
And gleaned the golden ears from early morn,
And bound her little sheaves of ripened corn.

It was her hap to light on Boaz' field,
That gave of precious sheaves an ample yield.
That day came Boaz forth from Bethlehem
To see the reapers, if 'twere well with them.
"The Lord be with you!" was his kind salute;
'Twas not in him with lordly air and mute
To awe the reapers by his presence there,
And thus he spake with bland and winsome air.
"The Lord bless thee!" they spake in sweet
reply,
And God smiled on the harvest from on high.
Then of the servant o'er the reapers set
Boaz this question asked, as there he met

The stranger with her eyes intent and low
Upon the ground. "Dost thou this damsel know?"
The servant, speaking, answered Boaz thus:
"A Moabitish damsel, she to us
Came with Naomi from her fatherland,
To aid her mother with her toil of hand;
And she has gleaned among the fields since morn,
No man refusing her to glean the corn."
And Boaz turned and spake in tender phrase
To Ruth, whose gentleness now won his praise:

"My daughter, thou art welcome here
To glean along the field;
The golden harvest spreads afar,
And ample is the yield.

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"Go not in other fields to glean,
Go neither thou from hence;
Abide thou with my maidens here
In gentle confidence.

"Thine eyes shall be upon the field,
And where my young men reap
There shalt thou follow them and glean,
And all the treasure keep.

"I've charged them that they touch thee not;
No harm shall come to thee;
And when thou art athirst, go drink
From my own vessels free."

Then fell she on her face and bowed,
And reverently she said:
“Why have I found such grace with thee,
A stranger to thee led?”

And Boaz, answering, said to her,
“It hath been shown to me,
Thy love and kindness in the land
Of thy nativity.

“I’ve heard how thou hast left thy gods,
Thy people, and thy land,
To share Naomi’s weary lot,
With care of heart and hand.

“Thou comest to a people strange,
Unknown to thee before;
And thou hast left thy kindred all,
To see them never more.

“The Lord shall recompense thy work,
And give thee full reward;
Beneath his wing thou rest shall find,
Thy trust shall be the Lord.”

The gentle Moabite from her heart
Poured forth her gratitude in simplest art,
And blest the name of Boaz meekly there,
And pondered in her heart God’s generous care.

“Let me favor find with thee,
Thou, my lord dost comfort me;
Thou hast spoken words of cheer
To thy lonely handmaid here;”

Still with kindly words he spake,
"Come at meal time, come and take
Of my bounty and my bread,
On my table richly spread;
And thy morsel freely dip,
And my fragrant juices sip,
For my reapers all prepared
By my maidens, freely shared."

And she sat at Boaz' board
Where the vinegar was poured,
And he reached her parchéd corn,
Weary with the work of morn,
Till, refreshed, she went again,
To her gleaning in the grain.
Then gave Boaz his command
To the reapers strong of hand:
"Let her glean among the sheaves,
And, no matter what each leaves,
Throw out handfuls of the grain
Carelessly upon the plain;
Let her glean them as they fall,
And rebuke her not at all."
So she gleaned till evening came,
When the sunset ceased its flame,
And she beat out what she gleaned
Till the barley, bruised and cleaned,
Was an ephah full and good,
Precious store of grateful food.

To Naomi then she went,
With the gracious burden bent,

And her heart rejoiced again
At the timely gift of grain.
"Tell me where thou'st gleaned to-day,"
Smiling did Naomi say;
"In whose ample fields since morn,
Hast thou gleaned the golden corn,
Who hath so befriended thee;
Who so full of charity?"
Then the triumphs of the day
Ruth rehearsed in loving way :
"To the fields of Boaz I
Chanced to come at morning nigh,
And the reapers chid me not
As I gleaned from plot to plot ;
And at noon came Boaz near,
Whom the reapers all revere,
And he kindly spake my name,
Though he be a man of fame,
And he bade me sit and eat
With the reapers near his seat,
And he gave me parchéd corn,
Me, a maid of Moab born,
And my morsel I did dip,
Dainty with my finger tip,
In the vinegar he poured,
At his festal harvest board.
So I ate, and gleaned yet more
Out of Boaz' golden store."
And the sad Naomi smiled
On her fair and loving child ;
From her lips escaped a prayer
On the tranquil evening air:

“Blessed, blessed of the Lord;
In his hand be plenty poured,
Who hath not left off to give
Kindness unto us who live,
And who loveth still the dead,
For whose sake his gifts are shed;
He is near of kin to us,
Who hath cheered and blessed us thus!”
So Naomi’s heart was glad
In the new-found joy she had.

“But his kindness ends not yet,
Neither is his bounty set,”
Spake the Moabitess still,
As the joy her eye did fill.
“He hath bidden me keep fast
By the reapers to the last,
That I gather golden sheaves
For Naomi, as she grieves
For the dead in Moab left,
When she turned away bereft.”
Joyous was the harvest time
In those days of Judah’s prime
When the stately mitred priest
Called the people oft to feast;
When his ephod gemmed he wore
With his breastplate hung before
Held with bands of blue and gold
O’er his robe of massy fold,
While he waved the golden sheaf
Of the bounteous harvest brief;

As he laid the spotless lamb
On the shining altar flame;
As he mingled corn and oil,
First fruit of the teeming soil;
As he poured the purple wine,
Bleeding from the laden vine;
And the people festive brought
Tender boughs in forests sought,
Branches of the shady palm,
Bearing them with song and psalm;
Or from willows of the brook,
Ample wreaths of shade they took,
Building booths for cool retreat,
And for worship blest and sweet.
Happy, happy Israel !
Then ye flourished fond and well,
When no king but God was known,
Sitting on your favored throne.

Soon the harvest sped away,
Ruth still gleaning day by day,
Mingling with the maidens there,
Winning all by her sweet air;
First the barley, then the wheat,
Harvest was at last complete.

III.

Trained in the precious faith her fathers knew
Naomi's piety with time and sorrow grew;
She knew the sacred promise made of old,
When Judah's glory Jacob once foretold;

She saw the coming glory through the shade,
And read the signs in Israel's camp displayed
Where in the darkness brightness ever shone,
And only seen where went the priest alone ;
But she was childless now, the promised seed,
The boon to holy motherhood decreed,
Could not be hers ; but still a tender dream
Broke on her soul, like daylight's dawning beam.
Might not the rousing of the Lion be
Through Ruth, her daughter, fair and maidenly ?
Might she not link the long descending chain,
Till it should reach at last Messiah's reign ?

The threshing floors of Boaz thick were spread
With barley sheaves 'neath stately oxen's tread,
And high arose the shining heaps of grain,
While merry voices sang the grateful harvest strain ;
The evening comes, and lo, a festal light
Gleams o'er the floors and cheers the summer night ;
For Boaz winnows barley in the breeze
That comes refreshing from the distant seas ;
And young and old with greetings come to share
The joy of Boaz and his generous fare.

"My daughter, shall I not seek rest for thee,"
Naomi said, "when future times shall be ;
And is not Boaz of our kindred near,
Among whose maidens foundest thou such cheer ?
To-night he winnows barley on the floor,
Behold, with joy he fans his gathered store ;
Wash thyself, therefore, and anoint thee well
With precious oil of sweet and fragrant smell,

And put thy raiment on, and go to-night
Where Boaz winnows barley with delight;
But make not known thyself to him till he
Hath feasted with his servants joyously;
And when he lieth down mark thou the place
Where he shall rest in gentle sleep's embrace;
And go thou silently, and at his feet
Lie down, according to our custom meet."
"All that thou sayest unto me I do,"
The daughter said, with loving heart and true,
And hasted down to Boaz's threshing-floor,
The strange adventure pondering o'er;
The lordly Boaz graced his ample board,
And guests and servants shared his generous hoard;
The joy of harvest gleamed in every eye,
And swift the summer evening's hours went by,
Till Boaz sought repose beside his heaps of corn,
And laid him down to slumber till the morn;
Then lightly as the footsteps of the snow
Came gentle Ruth, whose heart no guile might
 know,
And softly she uncovered Boaz' feet
In slumber locked with dreams of harvest sweet,
And laid her down, while God's dear angels held
Her soul in rest, and all her fear dispelled.
At midnight Boaz waked and felt dismay,
For none was near when down to rest he lay;
Behold, a woman lying at his feet
Brought spectral horrors to his dark retreat;
"Who art thou?" Boaz trembling spake with
 fear.
"Thy handmaid, Ruth, I am, and I am here

To ask protection of my gracious lord,
Whose bounty I have shared, so lavish poured;
Thou art a kinsman near, and this I claim,
Protection at thy feet, and know no shame."

"My daughter, blessed of the Lord," he said,
"May showers of blessing fall upon thy head;
Thy later kindness doth the first excel,
Discreet and wise thou art to choose so well
The path of honor; thou hast followed not
The young men, poor or rich, with care for-
got;

My daughter, fear not. I will do to thee
All thou requirest; so the thing shall be;
For all thy people of my city know
The virtue which thy stainless life doth show;
And now, 'tis true, I am thy kinsman near,
Howbeit there's a nearer kinsman here;
Tarry till morning thou, and it shall be
If he perform the kinsman's part to thee
It shall be well; if not, then will I stand
As thy protector. I will redeem thy land."

So Ruth arose, while yet the morning gray
Was swinging back the golden gates of day,
And to her mother came, who all night long
Jehovah's arm had held, her strength and song;
She told the sacred promise he had made,
And showed the barley Boaz on her laid;
Then knew Naomi that she had not failed,
And blest the Lord, by whom she had prevailed,

And to her daughter said she, "Sit thou still
Until thou know the matter as God will,
For Boaz will not be in rest till he
Hath finished all this thing, and thou shalt see."

IV.

When the Lord of old was King,
When the shadow of his wing
On the land in beauty fell,
Giving peace to Israel,
Justice daily held her court
In the gates, and gave support
To the injured and the weak,
As they came redress to seek;
Here accuser and accused,
Here abuser and abused,
Met in anxious crowds, to wait
For decisive words of fate;
Thus came Boaz for redress
Of the sad and comfortless;
And he sat within the gate,
For his kinsman there to wait;
Then he took of elders ten,
Known as just, impartial men,
And he bade them sit and wait,
While he spake within the gate.

To his kinsman then he told,
How Naomi, worn and old,
Came from Moab in distress,
Grieved with loss and loneliness;

“Lo, she sells her piece of land !
Wilt thou buy it at her hand?
Thou her nearest kinsman art,
Wilt thou act the kinsman’s part ?”
“I will buy the land,” he said,
“For my brother’s sake now dead.”

Then said Boaz in reply,
“When the parcel thou shalt buy,
Ere thou take Naomi’s field,
Ere the purchase shall be sealed,
Thou must take thee also Ruth,
Wife of Mahlon, died in youth,
And raise up his name thereon
When the land shall be thine own.”
“I cannot redeem the land
And instead of Mahlon stand,”
Said the kinsman, “lo I yield
All my title to the field ;”
So the man drew off his shoe
For a testimony true.

Then said Boaz in the gate,
To the elders of the state:
“Harken ye to all I say,
Ye are witnesses this day,
I have bought Naomi’s land,
I have purchased at her hand
All her family estate,—
Witness all within the gate !
Ruth, moreover, I will take,
Never, never to forsake,

Lest the dead forgotten be
Of her name and family;
Loved of Mahlon in her youth,
Wife of Boaz now is Ruth."

Then all the people gave applause, and said:
"We witness all thy kindness to the dead,
In that thou dost redeem Naomi's land,
And take to thee the Moabites' hand."
And words were spoken like a silver song
In praise of Ruth from all the admiring throng;
And echoed still they seem a grateful lay,
An old refrain, in music of to-day:

"Sweet child of truth
Is gentle Ruth,
No maid in Israel so blest;
Like beauteous Rachel, loved the best,
Like Leah, meek and fair confessed,
So, Boaz, be to thee the youth
Whom thou shalt take, the gentle Ruth."

"Her heart shall be
A joy to thee;
Thy hand shall prosper in her love,
Thy star reach azure heights above,
Thy name a tower of strength shall prove,
And Ruth shall Boaz give renown,
And time shall bear the glory down."

“In Bethlehem,
Thy diadem,
With jewels of resplendent hue
Shall gleam upon the nation’s view,
A crown like Hermon’s flashing dew;
So Ruth shall greet thy loving eyes,
God gives thee her, a beauteous prize.”

“As Tamar bare
A royal heir,
And gave to Judah precious fame,
So may the praise of Ruth proclaim
The glory of thy princely name,
Till in the royal line thou stand,
When Shiloh comes to rule the land.”

So Boaz took the Moabitess youth,
And found a crown of joy in gentle Ruth;
Love filled his heart and gladness filled his eye,
And blessings fell unnumbered from the sky;
It was the twilight with Naomi now,
And age had touched with tender lines her brow,
And Boaz gave her filial care, and she was blest
In Boaz’ house, and pleasure found and rest;
Though widowed, childless, God forsook her not,
A star of hope illumed her hapless lot ;
A son was born of Ruth, of promise fair,
And in Naomi’s bosom laid with care;
They called him Obed, and he lived and grew,
And bare the promise on divine and true
Till David rose illustrious and renowned,
On Judah’s royal throne in regal splendor crowned;

And onward till the azure gates of night
Were burst by angels from the mount of light,
When song and beauty on the midnight fell,
As Jesus came on earth in flesh to dwell,
And earth's expectant motherhood caressed
The heir of glory beautiful and blest.

HYMN POEMS.

GETHSEMANE.

Down from the slopes of Olivet
A weeper goeth;
The sun behind the hills is set;
The low brook floweth,
And with the dews the night is wet.

He enters dark Gethsemane
For lonely pleading;
Asleep he leaves the loving three,
His great heart bleeding
As low he falls on bended knee.

The winds are hushed; one voice alone
With mingled sobbing
Breaks like a sea-wave's monotone;
It is the throbbing
Of a great anguish all unknown.

Ah, 'tis a lonely battle-ground;
One soul, deep heaving,
Contends with heights and depths profound;
And from its grieving
There comes at last a Victor crowned.

“Thy will be done”—thrice-spoken words,
Too great for sorrow;
“Come on, ye hosts, with staves and swords !
Come, fierce to-morrow !”
And lo ! a great calm undergirds.

Like Him who came and conquered there
In that low garden,
So rise we victors from our prayer ;
Christ is our warden
And holdeth crowns for us to wear.

Each hath his own Gethsemane—
A battle raging,
Where, like a lone ship on the sea,
With storm engaging,
Self rises victor, strong and free.

“Thy will be done,” we bow and say ;
What cometh after
Is but the dawning of the day ;
If tears or laughter,
God’s will and ours move but one way.

Gethsemane ! Gethsemane !
Hence to our crosses ;
For ah ! with angel helpers we,
Through tears and losses,
Go dauntless to our victory.

THE PATH OF LIFE.

“THOU wilt show me the path of life,”
O ever blessed Guide ;
What though the earth be wide
And pathless to my feet ;
What though through desert heat,
Or wastes of virgin snow,
With weary tread I go ;
Or what if mountains wild
Across my path he piled,
Thou ledest me along,
And I, with love and song,
Contented, follow thee o’er rock and sand,
To find the Christian’s home, the better land.

“Thou wilt show me the path of life : ”
It matters not to me
How dark my path may be,
I have a light serene
By which my path is seen ;
Down through the murky glens,
Down through the reeds and fens,
Or up through mountain pass,
Across the wild morass,
By eity, field and flood,
Through forest solitude,
It shineth with a silver beam,
And thus I pass each mountain, vale and stream.

“Thou wilt show me the path of life ;”

The way will not be long ;

So patiently and strong

I journey day by day

And learn to love the way.

Perhaps some morning fair

A charm may soothe the air,

And strange the path will end,

And faith and sight will blend

In sweet celestial light,

And earth and heaven unite.

That morning glow will never fade away,

But hang in beauty o'er an endless day.

“Thou wilt show me the path of life ;”

In thy sweet presence, Lord,

Is life's divine reward ;

O Shepherd, we shall know

The voice that charmed us so

When through the shadow land

We passed, a pilgrim band ;

And thou wilt lead us still

By river, vale, and hill,

On through the golden street,

With charmed and eager feet.

And this the joy of boundless years shall be,

Through all thy realms of love to follow thee.

ADORATION.

Bow low within thyself, O soul, before him,
God is the one existent presence known ;
He was, he is, and shall be King alone,
Then gratefully adore him.

Not blindly with unmeaning forms and phrases
But as a child, in love and confidence,
To feel thy nature charmed in every sense
And redolent with praises.

Build up within thyself an altar lighted,
O soul, with oil of fragrance well supplied,
And thither turn oft from the world aside,
To thy dear Lord united.

THE MARRIAGE IN CANA.

YOUR sweetest bells, O Cana, ring !
The guest you honor is your King.

O Cana, spread your daintiest feast ;
He sits with you the world's High-priest.

He has the best of festal wine ;
No fatal cup, its colors shine.

He weareth beauty as his dress,
His nature is all loveliness.

No happier wedding-day than this
Hath been since Eden's nuptial bliss.

Love came with him from Paradise,
And what is love but sacrifice ?

The day is glad, for Mary smiles
The Mother love the throng beguiles.

O Cana, could all nuptials share
A guest so kingly and so rare,

The primal bliss, with its surprise,
Would bring the second Paradise.

IN SAFETY.

"The Creator's hand is the creature's home."—*F. W. Faber.*

NONE but a poet soul could dream
A thought so sweet as this,
Nor phrase in words a fonder theme
So redolent of bliss;
How sad such residence to miss!
What joy thus held secure!
For every trusting child of his
The hiding of God's hand is sure,
And ever shall endure.

O Father, clasp me in thy love;
Without are broken walls
All shelterless from storms above;
Here are imperial halls,
Where harm comes not nor fear appals;
I come, dear open hand,
To seek thy royal festivals,
Where angels serve and wait command,
A faithful warden band.

So near thy great paternal heart,
With room and love and rest;
I cannot dwell from thee apart
Of such a home possessed;

As flies a bird to seek its nest
So to thy hand I flee ;
I come, dear Lord, at thy behest ;
The very thought enraptures me,
Thy hand my home shall be.

It overspreads me as a dome
Where palace walls surround,
And make for royalty a home
With gleaming beauty crowned,
In gardens of enchanted ground ;
It is my temple, where
I worship with an awe profound
Until a glory fills the air,
The light of love and prayer.

Therein I hide, therein I roam,
As in an empire vast ;
Unbounded freedom is my home
While yet thy hand holds fast
Thy child, and guards me to the last ;
O, loving hand, how great,
How beautiful, with walls compassed,
My home is here, I need not wait,
But pass inside the gate.

"BE NOT SILENT TO ME."

FROM depths profound my heart cries out,
With heights of darkness walled about;
And thou, O, Lord, alone canst hear
Or make reply with words of cheer;
O listen, where my soul sits low,
O, Voice, speak down that I may know
Thy peace, in solitude of pain;
Voice of the skies, drop as the rain;
Against the darkness, Lord, I lean,
Speak through the void that hangs between;
"Be not silent to me."

Up from the shadows, Lord, I lift
My hands; I look if through the rift
Thy sanctuary be in sight;
I see its beauty on the height;
A voice! a voice! I hear its call;
A prisoner against the wall,
It speaks my freedom and relief;
A psalm, it falls upon my grief;
The answer have I in my heart
In this sweet prayer from men apart;
"Be not silent to me."

The melody rings down afar,
As if a song from every star
Blent with the beauty of its beams;
Love answers back in blessed streams;

God speaketh in the solitude,
The depths are vocal; heart renewed
I sit and wonder not alone,
The distance seems a living throne;
A voice below, a voice above :
Responsive from the heights above:
“ Be not silent to me.”

AN ASPIRATION.

"Narrow is the mansion of my soul ; enlarge thou it that thou mayest enter in. It is ruinous, repair thou it."—*St. Augustine.*

TILL thou shalt build
And furnish these low walls anew,
Till wrought by thee, in wisdom skilled
As none of cunning hand can do ;
Till thou, O Lord, with rare design
Refashion this poor mansion I call mine,
Thou canst not enter it, and there abide
In presence beautified.

Add stone to stone
From deep foundation to the tile ;
Enlarge the place, and build thy throne
Till like a royal palace pile
It stands delightful to thine eye,
And thou shalt there abide, and sanctify
The place, and of the rapture I will tell,
My dear Immanuel.

Alas! that sin
Defiled it, and thrust down the walls ;
Restore, O Lord, and enter in,
And reinstate thy festivals ;
'Tis thine own house, do thou adorn
The place so long forsaken and forlorn :
Come in, my King, I all to Thee resign
If I may call Thee mine.

My prayer is heard ;
I know my heavenly Architect ;
He cometh at a loving word
His lowly mansion to perfect ;
I see the jewels in his hand,
I feel my heart with His sweet love expand ;
To build and beautify He comes to me
My soul's dear home is He.

O loved abode !
O ever-dear abiding guest !
He who hath built all things is God ;
And my poor heart enlarged is blest,
And I shall ask Him long to stay
Who at my worthless call made no delay
And built me walls for refuge as He came,
And wrote thereon His name.

“HOLD UP MY GOINGS.”

THIS land through which I go, O Lord,
Is strange ; with heavy steps I tread
O'er rocks high ledged, with caverns dread,
Through scath of heat or flood outpoured ;
And I have far to go, a pilgrim lone.
O hand unseen, reach down and grasp my own ;
“Hold up my goings.”

I journey in the night, oft-times
Compelled, for urgent I must haste
At duty's call o'er barren waste,
Spectered, may be, with tales of crimes ;
Known but to thee, where strangers have no
care
In peril, Lord, I breath my trusting prayer,
“Hold up my goings.”

Until I reach the gate I seek
Of that dear city, yet unseen,
With mountains, rivers, wilds between,
My safety this, so frail and weak ;
Alone or with the multitude the same,
I have the strength I ask in thy dear name ;
“Hold up my goings.”

PALM SUNDAY.

HE rides to day the same, the same
As when of old with loud acclaim
 He passed through Salem's gates,
Greater than earthly potentates,
The King of kings passed by that day
 With honors in the way ;
 Hosanna !

The prelude of a mighty song
Which shall be sung through ages long
 Was heard, a joyful strain ;
It was a promise of his reign
When all the kingdoms won by him
 Shall sing with seraphim,
 Hosanna !

The throng moved on, and waving palm,
And words of one exultant psalm
 Filled all the air with peace,
And earth for once had sweet release
From storm and hate, and music then
 Chimed with the loud " Amen."
 Hosanna !

Ten thousand organs peal to-day,
And grander notes roll far away
 Beyond the towers of old,
Beyond the turrets tipped with gold ;

The King of Salem rides afar,
Triumphant is his star.
Hosanna !

He comes with sacrifice no more,
He comes a radiant conqueror,
We hail him Lord and King ;
To him, ye nations, tribute bring ;
The Prince of Peace is on his way,
Sing all ye lands to-day,
Hosanna !

"MY YOKE."

"My yoke is easy," fitted well.
I fashioned it, dear, weary heart, for thee;
Think not I came thy service to compel
As one who drives a slave-gang cruelly,
And scorns the griefs they tell.

None ever wear my yoke and chafe,
Itself so light, the wearer feels it not;
And as the ocean billow lifts the waif,
So I bear thee, no grief of thine forgot,
In my fond keeping safe.

My strength is added to thine own,
We two are conquerors against the world;
There's not a tower between thee and my
throne
So strong but it must yield and, earthward
hurled,
Make thee a stepping-stone.

My burden is indeed but rest;
I go before my toilers all the way;
We work together; ah, my strength is best!
I give it for your love from day to day
Who follow my behest.

THE HIGH ROCK.

“LEAD me to the Rock!”
The quicksands deepen as I go;
Where leads my path I may not know;
My Father, take my hand, I pray,
And lead me to the living way;
My footsteps sink; O lead me out!
The night is dark with fear and doubt,
But, lo! I see
A Rock of safety rise for me.

“Lead me to the Rock!”
The storm is breaking on the shore;
I tremble where the billows roar;
But just above me is the Rock
Where harmless falls the tempest shock;
I fain would climb the rampart now,
And rest securely on its brow,
And, looking down,
Smile as the waves in anger frown.

“Lead me to the Rock!”
I wander in a desert land;
Take me, a pilgrim, by the hand,
And lead me to the shadows cool,
To sit beside salvation's pool—

To quench my thirst, and bathe my feet;
Refreshed amid the sultry heat,
Let me abide,
Dear Saviour, ever near thy side.

“Lead me to the Rock!”
The “Rock of Ages, cleft for me!”
I look, and lo, I seem to be
Uplifted to its sure repose,
Above the storm of threat’ning foes!
Safe, safe, I fear no battle hail:
I know my refuge cannot fail;
Here will I dwell,
With thee, dear Rock, I love so well.

“Lead me to the Rock!”
My soul is calm as here I stand!
And, by the cooling breezes fanned,
I catch celestial views that rise—
The radiant hills of Paradise!
My unseen Saviour, here I rest;
Enough for me thy sheltering breast
Till storms are past,
And I am safe with thee at last.

COLLECT FOR EPIPHANY.

O God, who, by the leading of a star,
Brought kings of old renown from lands afar,
To see the beauty of thy matchless Son,
And him adore, the sole begotten One,
Grant us in mercy thee to know by faith,
And in thy service walk, a royal path,
That we may find the life immortal, when
From this our earthly state we go; O then

May we arise to that great vision,
The glorious Godhead in fruition,
Alone through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

AS FLOW THE STREAMS.

To thee, O Lord, my sweetest thought
I give, nor would I turn it thence;
The sea by every stream is sought
From mountain springs at heights immense,
And so my heart in confidence
Its overflow to thee returns,
For whom it yearns.

At times with songs and raptured words,
As when in shallows gliding down
The stream exults in silver chords,
And rippling flashes as a crown,
Then crystal deeps the music drown,
And calmly to their native tide
The waters glide.

My thoughts of thee are my repose;
My light amid the shadows prone;
I glide away, the rapture grows
As I pass out o'er paths unknown,
And hide with thee alone, alone,
To find thy love my perfect theme,
And joy supreme.

THE STONE ROLLED AWAY.

AN angel rolled away the stone,
And sat thereon,
But stronger far than he
Was One who turned with royal key
The bars of death, kingly and free,
To hasten to his throne.

The world's fierce scorn had shut him out
Of life. A shout
Of wild, derisive hate
Consigned him to the bitter fate
Of tortured death, outside the gate,
With cloud and gloom and doubt.

The angel broke the outer wall.
It was not all;
The hand that made the rocks,
Or piled them up in mountain blocks,
With stronger strokes than earthquake shocks
Forced back beyond recall

The inner gates of that great gloom
That maketh room
For all the nations. Swift
As when the bars of light uplift
The blackness parted. In the rift
He stood to reassume

The rule of earth that hushed his voice;
Let men rejoice!

The gates are open wide,
There is no dark and deep divide
Between the worlds, the Crucified
Passed through by his own choice.

We all must go like him, like him,
Through shadows dim.

Let us not fear; the stone
Is rolled away; the dread unknown
Is but the pathway to his throne
Among the cherubim.

Sing praises to the King of light!

There is no night;
Bring gifts of love and gold,
Extol his beauty manifold;
The rapture never hath been told,
The joy is infinite.

O earth, make haste! repent thy scorn
Of nail and thorn;

Build up his ruined throne;
Invite thy King to sit thereon;
With all thy gems crown him alone,
And hail the Easter morn.

FORBEARING ONE ANOTHER.

Col. iii, 13.

We differ,—cannot see, or think
Alike. What then?
Shall we therefore take cups of gall and drink,
And stand at odds with men,
And separate ourselves, estranged,
With friendship into hatred changed?

Let us forbear, and charge at least
Ourselves a share
Of human frailty, and perhaps increased
By habit unaware,
Which other eyes may plainly see,
But dark to us, so weak are we.

The orbit of our will, perchance,
Eccentric laid,
May cut at angles in our own advance,
And other wills invade;
Let us forbear lest we collide;
Then, harmless past each other glide.

Court others only at their best,
And find the chords
Of consonance by every man possessed,
And like the rhymes of words
The music on the ear shall fall,
A symphony of life for all.

Forbearing one another, we
But disenthral
Ourselves from our infirmities, to see
A safely guarded wall
About us built for our defense,
A bulwark of Omnipotence.

While here we cannot dwell apart;
One path is ours;
O let us, then, together hand and heart,
Go with united powers,
Upbearing each life's path along,
And turn Earth's jargon into song.

CHOSEN.

Isaiah xlviii, 10.

CHILD, would'st know my love?
I cannot tell it now,
And thou must wait my words to prove;
The pathway to my throne above
Is through a land of tears, and thou
Must oft with weary burdens bow.

I chose this path for thee,
I chose thee for this path;
Past storm, the beauty thou shalt see,
Out of the depth thy lifting be;
After wild desolation's scath
Come meadow bloom and aftermath.

Did I my Son withhold,
My only Son divine?
And when he passed the battle heat,
Returned he to his kingly seat;
I chose thee in his throne to shine.
Take cross and crown; they both are thine.

RESTORATION.

WHEN the darkness comes down on my path,
And temptation, with whirlwind and scath,
Seems to threaten me sore with disaster,
And my sin for the moment is master,
Then I turn with my burden upon me,
To the Mighty whose beauty hath won me;
“He restoreth my soul.”

In this world of oppression and scorn,
Where the heart is oft wounded and torn,
When, bewildered, I toss in commotion
From the surges within, like the ocean,
To the Lord of the tempest I harken,
And he smiles through the shadows that darken;
“He restoreth my soul.”

To the sorrowing One in my tears,
To the strong One I come in my fears;
And, a pilgrim and stranger confessing,
Lo, I enter the valley of blessing;
'Tis a secret I found in my weeping,
And abides with me waking and sleeping;
“He restoreth my soul.”

OFFERTOIRE.

LAY up your treasure where the moth comes not;
The rust will canker here thy golden store;
Vain is thy labor here to find one spot
Where sorrow may not enter thy heart's door;
Seek not for honor, it shall be forgot;
Seek treasures which shall last for evermore;
Then turn thy heart to find the joys immortal,
And Christ himself will bring thee to his portal.

Lay up your treasure where there is no loss,
For earthly good takes wings and flies away;
And worldly riches all are mixed with dross,
Find golden gifts as ye shall watch and pray;
The crown of glory lies beyond the cross,
And mansions built that never shall decay;
Lay up your treasure in God's care confiding,
And find in faith and prayer thy joy abiding.

BELIEVE, AND BE AT REST.

ALL doubt is fear ;

Believe, and find thyself in rest.

What if the sun do not appear

For clouds across his breast ;

And if he hide 'tis best.

God holds the mists for loving rain, and he

Sends shadows, lest

The heat too long continued be,

And thirst and faintness come to thee.

God moves aright ;

Hath he not said: The thing I do

Thou knowest not now ? What if thy sight

Be dim ! His word is true,

And he will lead thee through

Thy paths obscure, and thou shalt see how well

He led ; he knew

Thy way, and thou the joy shalt tell

In praise of thy Immanuel.

In him confide ;

He giveth life, and strong of heart

Thou shalt go forth, because the tide

Of power shall newly start,

And thrill thee as thou art

Surrendered only to his sovereign will.

This is thy part :

Believe and hold his promise still,

And he thy cup of joy shall fill.

THE UNDER WALL.

"I consider sacrifice the basis of all religion."—*Madame De Staël*.

Not otherwise;
The very law of love is sacrifice;
A wounded hand hath lifted us in pain
From these dark depths to visions of surprise;
Omnipotence came forth with loss for gain
When Christ was slain.

From his cross borne,
From panting thirst, from spear and nail and thorn,
From kingly beauty hidden in disguise,
Come robes of whiteness ever to be worn;
The cost was great, so Jesus sought the prize
By sacrifice.

Our faith the same,
We go with tears and losses in his name,
And we are debtors to our brothers all;
O shall we come with trophies and acclaim,
And wait his plaudits at the jasper wall,
A welcome call?

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INDIVIDUALITY.

THOUGH weak and frail are we,
Each hath a gift alone
No other eye can see,
And dropped from God's dear throne;
A treasure house of gems
For crowns and diadems,
With scepters for our rule
In kingdoms beautiful.

You need not sigh to share
The jewels others wear,
Your own are best for you
With God's light shining through ;
Some day an angel eye
Will pass you wondering by,
At some sweet grace transcendent,
That shines in you resplendent,
A luster all your own,
And like no other known ;
Thus in thy polishment
The temple shall be graced,
In its mosaic blent
With lines of beauty traced
Peculiar as thine own ;
Named by the King alone.

ONE SMILE FROM HIM.

BESIDE some sheltered cove upon the sea,
In some sweet nook amid the hills of light,
If, passing there, my King should smile on me,
The joy were more than crowns of jewels bright.

One smile from him would make a day of song,
A day with no decline ; there could I dwell
And talk of him through ages glad and long
Because of his dear name, "Immanuel."

Ah, once he sought me on the mountains cold,
His feet were sore, and chill the night came down,
Forgetful of his palace walls of gold
And pillowless the head that knew a crown.

I heard his voice, and turned my path aside ;
I felt his smile though him I could not see ;
The morning gates swung beautiful and wide,
And love and light smiled all day long on me.

Not lonely by the sea, or quiet nook,
But in his Father's house, with all his own,
When I shall see his beauty he will look,
And smile on me, a child, at his dear throne.

"I WILL GUIDE THEE."

Is thy journey long and dark,
Full of seeming peril,
Over mountains sterile,
Through the forests without mark?
Are the nights with horror stark?
Is the day's march all in pain
Through the storms of mist and rain?
Fear thou not. I tell thee why:
"I will guide thee with mine eye."

Is the city of thy rest
Far o'er desert regions?
Are there hostile legions
In the way? The ground contest;
Thou shalt bear the banner crest
To the far-off citadel,
Where the pæans rise and swell;
Victory cometh by and by;
"I will guide thee with mine eye."

Is thine island home too far
In the boundless ocean,
O'er the waves' commotion?
Hast thou lost the Polar Star?
Dost thou fear for sail and spar?

I have led the ransomed o'er—
Host unnumbered—to the shore.
Far as angel wings can fly
"I will guide thee with mine eye."

Child, thou canst not see the way
Through the boundless distance ;
Ask of me assistance ;
Through the shadows cold and gray
Faith transparent lends a ray ;
Look, and see a path ascend :
I will lead thee to the end.
As I live, the Lord on high,
"I will guide thee with mine eye."

Thou shalt enter through the gate ;
Only thine the wonder—
Passing arches under—
While the angels sing elate,
Welcome to thy glad estate ;
Now, the desert and the night
Merging with celestial light,
Asking still, I make reply,
"I will guide thee with mine eye."

HE SHALL FEED HIS FLOCK.

WHERE he shall lead them they will go
To greenest pastures, only known
To him, the Shepherd King, alone ;
And where the purest fountains flow
There shall they rest ; and should fierce storms arise
The Rock, once cleft, a shelter sure supplies,
Howe'er the winds may blow.

Or turning thence they seek his fold,
Their Sabbath rest, and there abide
In his dear presence satisfied ;
His rod a scepter is of gold ;
'Tis all their freedom to obey his voice,
No will but his, they have no other choice ;
A rapture never told.

The lambs he carries in his arms,
Our lambs—we see not for the mist
Beyond the heights of amethyst ;
From his dear throne with kingly charms
He leads them out and calls our lambs his own
And keeps them for us, while we weep alone,
Where life has no alarms.

MARY AT PENTECOST.

I.

THE mother of our Lord was there
Amid the kneeling ones,
And joined the long persistent prayer
That passed the many thrones
And reached the very glory seat
Where sat the blessed Paraclete ;
And swifter than an angel's flight
A flame descended from the height,
And sat on them, as crowns of gold ;
A promise from the days of old.

II.

O Mary, Mother, who shall tell
What honor came to thee
As on the place such beauty fell—
Light of the golden sea!
Ah, thou hadst stood when Gabriel came
And spake thy dear son's royal name ;
'Twas thine to clasp him at his birth,
The Prince of light, the King of earth ;
But greater was thy rapture then,
As spake thy lips thy soul's "Amen."

III.

Crown-mother, there indeed wast thou,
And ne'er was jewel set
So sweetly on a royal brow,
Never such coronet ;
From all thy sorrow, pain and loss,
This was the triumph of thy cross :
To see the beauty on the air
That fell in answer to thy prayer,
And hear the wonder as it came
With herald wings, and tongues of flame.

MY CHARM.

ALONG the pathway of my tears
I found a charm for all my years.

A talisman so strange and true,
I wish all men the secret knew.

It was not mastery of skill,
Nor yet the motive power of will.

This only : lifting up my heart
In praise from all the world apart.

Ah, quickest fled away my grief,
And left a calm of sweet relief.

In deep preplexity and doubt
A pathway opened, leading out.

The melancholy days assumed
A summer glow, with joy perfumed.

It must be love itself came down,
And changed my burden to a crown.

So, praise became my victory—
A secret weapon shown to me.

This glory hath my Saviour King,
I praise him and my soul takes wing ;

And this dark world becometh light
To me, upborne in easy flight.

SONNETS.

CARMEL.

O CARMEL by the sea, where fire and cloud
Made answer to the mantled prophet's prayer,
We read the marvels wrought in thee, and dare
Go to our altars of desire, and, bowed,
Look far beyond the heights with thunder loud,
And wait the vision in our deep despair,
Till light and beauty fall upon us there,
And spectral fears no more our path enshroud;
Still looking down upon the sea the same,
The mountains all have caught the answering flame,
And clouds ascend from every distant sea
To vindicate the Lord Jehovah's name;
And ever, Carmel, as we think of thee,
Assured we kneel, our prayer shall answered be.

I SHALL BE SATISFIED.

WHEN I awake,—ah, then the light will be
The perfect beauty of thy smile, O Lord;
It will be heaven, with more than all restored
Which I have lost, and I shall clearly see
What seems so dark in all my paths to me;
The prayers I thought denied, with heart out-
poured
Shall everlasting joy and peace afford,
And all my springs of life shall be in thee;
In thy dear likeness waking, only this
Shall be the key of all my treasure known,
Familiar as I wake to love alone,
As when a child receives its morning kiss,
And answers back its sweet response of bliss;
Enough to see and know thee in thy throne.

THE KING AND HIS JEWELS.

WHEN I make up my jewels, these shall be
My choice; not one of them will I forget
When I prepare my royal coronet;
And they shall shine with raptured radiance
Because they found their beauty all in me,
With love confessed, and in my name they met
And spake to one another. I will set
Each one according to his own degree;
My book is written, tales of love are told
In chapters of delight, and angels long
Shall read therein, or chant the words in song;
And they with generous praise will love to tell
How these, the lowly ones, wrought long and
well,
To find their names inscribed on thrones of gold.

MORE LIGHT THAN DARKNESS.

THE upper heights are never dark. What we
Call night is a converging shadow lost
Amid the splendors of the starry host,
Lost in the depths of light's immensity;
The spaces all are but one boundless sea
Of brightness, into which the worlds were tossed,
And, like the mountains hung with glittering
frost,
The heavens are filled with their emblazonry;
We walk beneath a mist whose shadows fill
The canopy with valley girt, and hill;
It seems to us the hemisphere beyond
Is cloud and darkness all, with damp and chill.
Not so; the Father lifts his windows fond,
Light crowns the shade, let us no more despond.

CHRIST AT THE WELL OF SAMARIA.

“GIVE me this water, Sir!” The words were sad,
As wearily she stood with water-pot
To fill, and bear it dripping from the spot;
In lowly poverty, and simply clad,
She little dreamed of richer fountains glad
With cups of pleasure which the world gives not,
And offered her with panting thirst forgot,
A joy her parched and desert path forbade;
Ah, well she prayed, and waters of delight
Sprang up that day from fountains infinite.
And so pray we, and from the brimming well
Whereon he sits the waters reach us quite,
With springs of pleasure more than we can tell,
The answer of our dear Immanuel!

THE HIDDEN HAND.

Ah, have you thought of all the wondrous skill
That paints the rose-bud ere it sees the light,
And tints the diamond buried out of sight,
That lifts the morning's rosy gates to fill
The lands with radiance? A hand so still
You hear it not, and yet surcharged with might
To crowd the day and vaster realms of night
With gorgeous trophies of Omnific will;
That hand was yours to hold in childhood's way,
To clasp in feeble age a sure support;
That hand shall crown you in his royal court
As it shall lead you to his throne some day;
It is thy Father's hand, and, unseen now,
To be revealed in light, he knoweth how.

THE DEATH OF ABEL.

“LIFT up the gates!” and angel hands unbarred
The massy pearl, and thronging seraphs stood
Upon the walls in rapt and wondering mood.
For one was there whose journey heavenward
Was from a world by evil sadly marred;
And he the first to leave it in his blood,
The first to lead the army of the good,
And take a martyr’s crown with beauty starred;
Behind him were two loving souls in tears—
The first to know the sorrow of the years;
For Eve and Adam were bereft that day,
But had, methinks, a vision of the seers;
And one was there who seemed in love to say,
Him you shall meet where tears are wiped away.

MUSIC.

O TELL me what is music; hath it wings?
Is it a legion of swift charioteers,
Delighted, from the portals of the spheres
Rushing to earth with loyal trumpetings,
To storm the hearts of men, both slaves and kings,
And make them willing captives, while the
 cheers
Of victory ring back o'er paths of tears,
And chime with lyres where angels sweep the
 strings?
Perchance it is the unseen overflow
Of those ecstatic seas that ceaseless roll
With tides so high the rapture breaks control,
And falls from heaven on paths o'er which we go
To charm us thence. We ask, but only know
The answering surges sweeping o'er the soul.

THE KING'S CHARIOT.

"He rideth easily enough whom the grace of God carrieth."
—*Thos. à Kempis.*

COME up, ye steeds, I wait my chariot!
The King hath sent it through this desert land,
And I would rest my feet from burning sand;
I need not walk alone, as one forgot,
Come up! The King himself hath scorned me not;
The children of the King ride by command,
And guards attend them where thick dangers
stand,
Nor fails the chariot by evil plot.
I rest and ride, the journey hath delight,
And ever-varying landscapes meet my eye,
And others ride, choice comrades by the way;
We talk of wonders we shall see some day,
When we shall pass the city portals quite,
And see our King in his sweet majesty.

ELIJAH AT THE BROOK CHERITH.

THE Cherith, from the heights of Gilead,
With noisy torrents flowed through lonely
woods,

And there the prophet hid. With interludes
Of song between his prayers, the wildness had
Such worship as makes great cathedrals glad,

And from the altar of the heart excludes
Life's narrow themes, and all the vastness floods
With awe, and every thing seems beauty-clad.

Here came the ravens to his very seat,
And dropped the food they gathered, hunger-
pressed,

Nor feared the lifting of his ready hand.

For came they not as by the same command

That led Elijah there, God's honored guest
With safety found, and peace and daily meat?

FROM THE DEPTHS.

"God is an unmeasured sigh in the innermost depths of the soul."
—*Ancient Writer.*

FROM that deep underworld wherein we dwell
There comes a winged breath of strange desire,
A rising flame of pure ethereal fire,
Voiceless, of meaning vast; ah, who shall tell
The revelation? Hear! "Immanuel."

He comes to rear his throne and thus aspire
To fellowship of love that cannot tire
A deep emotion like an ocean swell;
He cometh to his own, O creature, hear
The Infinite! more gentle than the touch
Of zephyrs in the balmiest atmosphere;
His kingdom is within, believe it such;
In thy mysterious self is he, and waits
To make thine own, his beautiful estates.

SORROW.

THE rain-clouds of the sky are dark and low,
They hide the calm clear blue above us bent;
They are not, cannot be, the firmament,
For that is fixed with sun and stars we know;
The storm goes by, sweet fountains overflow,
The orchards bloom, the fields with violets
 spret
Are trod by laughing children with content.
Where beauty dwells the rain-clouds come and go;
Beyond the sorrow where our eyes are dim
Is that infinitude of love, that shines
And fills with peace the home of cherubim,
And earth is not beyond its boundary lines;
Sorrow is but the low cloud passing by
Whose upper folds are lighted from the sky.

YESTERDAYS.

THE past is all made up of yesterdays;
As steps descending from a far-off throne,
Such are the ways of time from heights unknown,
And lost as we look upward through the haze;
A chain of golden links hid in the blaze
Of noon to-day. Ah, strangely, one by one
The days have wrought the marvels earth hath
shown
And written out in grand historic lays;
The yesterdays—they linger in our dreams.
We wonder much, and ask whence they went
forth
As ships that sail away on deepening streams,
Our treasures bearing of uncounted worth;
Love follows them and bringeth back the best—
Still of the yesterdays are we possessed.

THE WINGS OF THE MORNING

O SWIFT of flight to cleave the ether tides
Forever tipped with flame, and flashing down
On every earthly height a regal crown,—
O'ersweeping gulfs where world from world divides,
Or awful spaces which the star-mist hides,—
Ye know the paths of God, of old renown;
Where in all worlds his smoking Sinais frown,
Where in Gethsemane his love abides!
Where'er ye fly is God's vast residence!
Bear us with you in safety, triumph, joy,
For at your height no arrow can destroy
The soul that makes Jehovah its defense!
Ye wings of beauty, bid us with you soar,
To serve your King and ours, in light for ever-
more!

FROM THE VESTIBULE TO THE TEMPLE.

AH, not amid these outer pillars near
Would I remain, I hear the undertone
Of vast desire to pass beyond the known,
The visible, the audible, and hear
The harmonies where loftier arches rear
Their lights—where love profound, alone,
Transcends all heights, outleaps all walls of
stone,
And comes to visions rapt, serene and clear.
Christ is the temple, O my soul, at once
Pass in! the ushers, prayer and faith, attend;
Open, my heart! and find a great response,
And o'er thee see the dome of beauty bend;
Step upward only, noiseless are the gates,
Inside, a great content thy entrance waits.

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